

Mobb Deep, Survival Of The Fittest (New Version)

Yeah... sending this one out... to my man Killa B
No doubt indeed... with that weed... know what I'm saying?
That old real shit...

(Prodigy)

There's a war going on outside no man is safe from
You can run but you can't hide forever
from these, streets that we done took
You walking with ya head down; scared to look
You shook, 'cause ain't no such things as halfway crooks
They never around when the beef cooks in my part of town
it's similar to Vietnam
Now we all grown up and old and beyond the cop's control
They better have the riot gear ready
trying to bag me and get rocked steady
by the Mac One-double, I touch you
and leave you with not much to go home with
My skin is thick, 'cause I be up in a mix of action
if I'm not at home, puffing lye relaxing
New York got a nigga depressed
so I wear a slug-proof underneath my Guess
God bless my soul, before I put my foot down and begin to stroll
into the drama I built, and all unfinished beef
You will soon be killed, put us together
It's like mixing vodka and milk
I'm going out blasting, taking my enemies with me
and if not, they scarred, so they will never forget me
Lord forgive me the Hennesey got me not knowing how to act
I'm falling and I can't turn back
Or maybe it's the words from my man Killa Black
that I can't say so it's left a untold fact
Until my death, my goal's to stay alive
Survival of the fit only the strong survive

Chorus:

Yo, yo
We living this til the day that we die
Survival of the fit only the strong survive (we still living it)
We living this til the day that we die
Survival of the fit only the strong survive (Thug life, we still
living it)
We living this til the day that we die
Survival of the fit only the strong survive (we still living it)
We living this til the day that we die
Survival of the fit only the strong... (Thug life, we still
living it)

(Havoc)

I'm trapped, in between two worlds, trying to make dough
you know when the dough get low the jewels go
But never that, as long as fiends smoke crack
I be on the block hustling counting my stacks
No doubt, watching my back and proceed with caution
Five-ohs lurking, no time to get lost in -- the system
brothers used to fake names to get out quick
My brother did it and got bagged with two ounces
I live a war where squads hit the block hard
Ask my man Twin when he got bagged, that messed me up God
But things happen for a reason
You find out who's the true peoples when you're up north
bleeding

You can't find a shorty to troop your bid with you
Hit with a 2 to 4 it's difficult
While on the streets I try to maintain
Tight with my loot, the shorties like to run game
Some brothers like to trick but I ain't on that tricking tip
I'm like a Jew, saving dough so I can big whip
Pushing a Lex, now I'm set, ready to jet
No matter how much loot I get I'm staying in the projects,
forever
Jakes on the blocks we out-clever
If beef, we never separate and pull together
When worse comes to worst, my peoples come first
Try to react and word is bond, get your feelings hurt
My crew's all about loot, forget looking cute
I'm strictly Timb boots and army certified suits
Puffing L's, laid back, enjoying the smell
In the Bridge, thumping I's, it ain't hard to tell
You better realize

Chorus:

We living this til the day that we die
Survival of the fit only the strong survive (we still living it)
We living this til the day that we die
Survival of the fit only the strong survive (Thug life, we still
living it)
We living this til the day that we die
Survival of the fit only the strong survive (we still living it)
We living this til the day that we die
Survival of the fit only the strong survive (Thug life, we still
living it)

Look in the eyes and get wise
Look alive, in ninety-five, word up
Hypnotic Thug Life, get that ass paralyzed
Know what I'm saying? Mobb Deep and all that...

(Prodigy)

I'm putting holes in ya body like ya bossing a party
then drown your open sores with Bacardi
Crazy as it seem, my mind is every thug's dream
kill 'em clean and leave the murder weapon at the crime-scene
I got a bag of tricks for all you wanna-be hard rock dicks
and start running when my gun kicks
Leaving niggas dead on arrival,
and keeping it real is my means of survival
I rise to the top while you fall on your face
so coward-ass niggas just stay in ya place
I won't lie... and I don't give a f**k if I die
You can tell a real nigga by the look in his eye

(Havoc)

Mobb Deep, and we got that beef, but f**k it
It goess with the territory, we stuck with it
I admit, I didn't do it, the Glock did it
I should've got a bid, but the case was acquitted
You want a future with kids and a wife?
I rather drop while I'm living the street life
Get high like the motherf**kin champion
Bust a cap in ya back and I stash the gun
You better realize